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VOL. 6, NO. 10

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY

FRIDAY, JAN. 19, 1968

Lance Editors Forced Out

WINDSOR: The co-editors of the University of Windsor Student Newspaper, the Lance, were forced to resign on Tuesday, January 9th, after severe pressure was brought to bear upon them by the Administration of the University. The co-editors, Marian Johnstone and John Lalor, were asked by the senate committee on Student Conduct, Activities, and Discipline (SCAD) to promise to stop printing "obscenities". When Johnson and Lalor refused on the grounds that to make such a promise would, in effect, violate editorial freedom, Dr. Leddy, President of the University, demanded that the two editors resign from the Lance or face expulsion from the University.

The charges of "obscenities" came to a head over the December 1st publishing in the Lance of the article "The Student as Nigger". The article, written by professor Jerry Farber of California State College, maintained that students are treated as second rate citizens. In the course of the article, several "four letter" words and other strong terms were used.

Leddy's charge of the editors' "morbid obsession with squalid vulgarity" appeared in newspapers across Canada.

Although the Student Board of Publications insisted that the responsibility to oversee the editors rested with the Board of Pubs., and that any interference by the Administration would be a move against the principle of the freedom of the press, SCAD, in a meeting with Dr. Leddy, refused to accept the Board of Publications' demand.

Student charges outside pressure

Kevin Park, a non-voting SAC representative on the Senate committee set up to investigate obscenity charges against the Lance, student paper at the University of Windsor, charged that outside pressure from "the local newspaper," (the Windsor Star) and some powerful local business men forced the Administration of the University of the two editors, Marian Johnstone and John Lalor.

Park claimed that such action was a threat to the academic freedom of the University, as well as student rights and power. "If the Administration can be forced by the community to silence the student press, then what will it do when the local establishment doesn't like what a professor teaches in the classroom?" he asked.

The charge was denied by members of SCAD (the senate committee on Student Conduct, Activities and Discipline). Dr. Leddy, president of the University, had not made a statement on the charge when Lambda contacted the Lance in Windsor, but Lance reporters expect that he will deny the charge.

that the matter be left in student hands.

The editors resigned.

On Wednesday, January 10, about one hundred students and professors demonstrated against the Administration's interference in student affairs. Amid cries of "Free Press? Hell Yes!", "Hands Off Our Paper!", "Our Money--Our Paper!", and "Student Power Now", Administration was burned in effigy. General feeling among the students was that, although they did not agree with the language used in the article, a prime issue was involved. What was at stake, many felt, was the academic freedom of the University and the rights of the students to manage their own affairs. Administration made no comment about the demonstration.

On Friday, January 12th, the Lance once again carried the article "The Student as Nigger" to allow readers to judge for themselves its 'obscenity'. There was no reaction from Students or Administration over the re-printing.

An investigation committee from the Canadian University Press is now on campus to conduct an inquiry into the affair at the request of the Lance.

Huntington bleeds first

Huntington drew first blood in the annual Blood Donor's Carnage. On Tuesday evening, January 16, 109 pints of blood were sucked from the veins of Huntington students in the Pit at Huntington Residence. All the brave kiddies from Huntington who took part in the event, challenged all the other colleges to let blood in the hopes of surpassing this 109 pint mark. University College and Thorneloe, (all time champion in the blood field, having held the record since the inauguration of the Donor's Drive on campus) confidently announced that they will bleed to fame together on Jan. 29th in the Student Lounge from 11am to 3 pm. Each college will maintain separate points for the bloody championship. University of Sudbury has yet to announce their date for a blood fest, but the free brandy offered at all blood clinics will bring them out by the hundreds.

Playboy photographers

Anyone interested in forming a Photographic Society here at Laurentian is asked to be in the Students' Lounge on Wednesday, Jan. 24 at 12.30.

A course dealing with both the technical principles and the creative aspects of photography will be made available if sufficient interest is indicated.

BULLETIN: LANCE AND SENATE COMMITTEE REACH UNDERSTANDING

The Student Board of Publications of the University of Windsor and the Senate Sub Committee set up to investigate obscenity charges against Marian Johnstone and John Lalor, former co-editors of the Lance, reached an amiable agreement on Tuesday, January 16. The Board of Publications reaffirmed its belief in the code of ethics for University newspapers as set down by the Canadian University Press. It also reaffirmed its duty to produce a newspaper of high calibre in the interest of the students of the university and the University community as a whole. The Senate, on the other hand, recognized the freedom of the student press and also recognized that the Board of Publications in the future would be the sole overseer of the student press. The two former co-editors were not re-enslated.



Fulton Henry Anderson was a notable scholar. He did much to develop the department of philosophy at the University of Toronto, and one of his books, The Philosophy of Francis Bacon, can only be described as a classic of its kind. Two such achievements are no mean monuments to a person's life; yet, to those who knew Professor Anderson, these must seem small when compared to the man himself. Two generations of his students, colleagues and friends can testify to this.

F.H. Anderson was a magnanimous man. Although not one to suffer fools gladly, he exhibited a compassionate understanding of human folly which often came as a surprise to those who knew only his unrelenting standards of scholarship. A serious philosopher, despising frivolity in his own work and shunning the temptation to associate himself with the noisy clique of the latest academic fad, he was sympathetic to the exuberant antics of his younger colleagues. These he viewed with amused tolerance but not, it must be added, with condescension. Moreover, although his own interests centered around the history of persistent philosophical problems, as chairman of the department of philosophy at the University of Toronto, he made certain that contemporary schools of thought, however alien to his own outlook these might be, were represented by the best qualified men he could hire. Finally, although he was fiercely proud of the department over which he had exercised a benevolent despotism for many years, a narrow parochialism had no part in his nature. Promising students were encouraged to study abroad in universities in Europe and the United States, and lecturers were recruited from various parts of the world in order that academic inbreeding and complacency should not spread its infection. A deplorable feature of the department's tendency to reproduce itself. The mediocre scholar may feel uncomfortable in the presence of genuine ability and, if placed in the position of power, may surround himself with other men of meagre capacities. Fulton Anderson was not such a person. Not only was he himself possessed of an extraordinary intelligence, he also sought out and tried to develop talent in others with a determination which was sometimes frightening. Again, if a colleague from time to time might cringe at his contempt for a bungled job, he could be assured that success would elicit nothing but praise and encouragement. The total absence of jealousy, petty or otherwise, was one of Professor Anderson's signal characteristics.

(see Fulton Anderson continued page two)

FULTON ANDERSON

(continued from page one)

Lest from this it be inferred that F.H. Anderson was an awesome personage in all respects, a modern version of some Olympian god, it should be noted that he had a lighter side which endeared him to a wide circle of friends, not all of whom, by any means, were fellow academics. Rumour has it that, at one stage of his career, Dr. Anderson decided that either he had to get married or learn to cook. He chose the latter alternative for reasons best known to himself and, with his usual thoroughness, became an excellent chef. His entertaining was legendary, the success of his menus being attributed to the principle that if people do not know what they are eating they enjoy it all the more. If the ingenuity required successfully to sustain this principle over a considerable period of time was matched only by his skill at getting undergraduates interested in philosophy, the deviousness which he employed in his cookery must surely have been matched only by his cunning and guile as a university administrator.

Besides being an ardent fisherman and a lover of the theatre, an incessant and often bawdy raconteur and a voracious reader with the sensibilities of a literary critic, Professor Anderson was a memorable teacher. Most of us who are here today knew him in that capacity. Some men, upon reaching the age of retirement, look forward to a time of uninterrupted leisure in which to write a book embodying the results of a lifetime's scholarship. F.H. Anderson had plans for at least one such work; but since he had already published three books, one on Plato and two on Bacon in addition to numerous articles in sundry learned journals, it was not as if he had never burst into print. What he did miss in his retirement, however, was his teaching and contact with university life which this afforded. Thus, much to our surprise and pleasure he agreed a year and a half ago to come to Laurentian as a professor and chairman of the department of philosophy at Huntington College. Inevitably, he cut a broad swath here as he had everywhere else. The clergy were treated to some juicy swearing, doubtless for the good of their souls; colleagues at lunch were regaled with a seemingly endless stream of anecdotes; and students were given a taste of the history of philosophy which they could not have got elsewhere.

The services of a man of Dr. Anderson's eminence are always in demand. Thus after several pressing invitations, he agreed to go to the University of Prince Edward Island as visiting professor for the month of January of this year. It was there that F.H. Anderson died last week. The loss of such a person is always sad---the world is poorer for it. Men of his stature are few, and when they die they are bound to be missed. The loss, however, is ours: Professor Anderson died while actively engaged in his chosen profession, his mind unclouded by debilitating illness or the ravages of senility. He died among friends and family in the province in which he was born and was spared the misery of solitary old age. I cannot but think that, were the choice his, he would have wished it thus. Professor Fulton Henry Anderson could not have been

A runner whom renown outran,
And the name died before the man.

-James Ford

IN RETROSPECT

1967 was a year of crisis in Canada as of course it was throughout the world. The very nature of the Canadian union as it has existed for one hundred years is being questioned and challenged. There was a dramatic shift in the political leadership of the nation, predicting perhaps a new departure in the manner of conduct to be exercised at the federal level. The helter-skelter style of the Diefenbaker-Pearson era will give way to the very professional, pragmatic style as exemplified by the present leader of the Opposition Mr. Stanfield. It is significant to note that the front runners in the race to succeed LBP are men who essentially fit this mould. We can look forward to an era of efficient, sensible, but as Norman DePoe emphasized on the CBC year-end review, dull politics in Ottawa. The one thing that may change the course is the highly volatile and completely unpredictable situation in the province of Quebec. It is an accepted axiom in politics that crises produce great leaders, e.g. a Churchill or a Kennedy, whether Canada will be blessed with great leadership is a question that of course remains unanswered..... that it requires it is unquestionable.

Elsewhere in the world Viet Nam continues to dominate the minds and passions of men everywhere. If 1967 was a critical year in the war, then 1968 promises to be even more so. At this juncture it appears that the only way the conflict will go is up. 'Hot pursuit' will carry the action into Laos, Cambodia, and perhaps even North Viet Nam itself. The war has been, and continues to be, labelled a limited war yet there are more troops in action than there were in the major Korean conflict. The American position appears to be becoming more untenable as this crisis drags on. Jingoism and national prestige is keeping the U.S. of A. inextricably involved but the ever growing, dynamic dissent in the United States itself is a factor that can-

not be ignored, especially in an election year. LBJ is a consummate artist in the game of politics and he may be expected to do whatever is deemed necessary to retain the Presidency he now holds and covets so dearly.

History has borne witness to the fact that the major empires of the world, almost without exception have been destroyed from within. What we are witnessing in the United States could conceivably be the first manifestations of a nation on the road to disintegration. This is an extremely pessimistic point of view but there is little to indicate that it will change at the present. Our destiny is irrevocably tied to that of the United States and their demise of course means our own. It appears that there is little cause for optimism unless there is a significant shift in the policies of our neighbour to the South.

In many ways 1967 was a vintage year for Canada. The enormous success of Expo, centennial celebrations and a strengthened sense of a Canadian identity give cause for a good feeling. But there are storm clouds on the horizon. Early and complete study and implementation of the Davidson-Laurendeau, (B&B) Report seems both highly desirable and necessary. Our first century is over, our second is at hand. We must be equal to its challenges.

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lambda

lambda is the official publication of the s.g.a.l.u. the opinions expressed are those of the editors unless otherwise stated, and not necessarily those of the s.g.a. or the faculty and administration of Laurentian university. all letters to the editor must be signed. a pen name will be respected if desired. lambda offices are located on the second floor of the library tower in rooms L 220 & L 221. phone: 675-1151 ext. 267.

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leo polowich, elleen malzulk, elizabeth bardswich, frank townson, glen burlington, susan lafontaine, caroline munnings, (who actually wished to remain in the shadows so that you-know-who wouldn't know she had been helping those Hinglish men)

AND OF COURSE THERE IS THAT CARTOONIST OF OURS, THE GREAT-EST INVENTION SINCE 'FLY PAPER'.....KARI LAINE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Recently there has been another uncredited circular distributed among the Students of Laurentian. This one, unlike the other misspelled printings which attacked me, attacks the Canadian Union of Students (CUS). Constructive criticism is beneficial and well respected, but 'Anonymous' accusations and general degradation of organizations are definitely not in good taste.

It begins by degrading the students of CUS to the level of domestic animals who are "deceitfully milked" out of their sixty-five cent fees (CUS membership fees). Each cent of a student's fee is allocated by his student government for the purposes of clubs, social events, student Union Building Trust etc. and C. U. S. This information is openly available to anyone in the S. G. A. office.

As for the claim that C.U.S. promotes anti-democratic and anti-intellectual policies because student fees are collected by the administration, is nonsense. Firstly, there is no better proven method of collecting such funds in large organizations, as industry, churches or universities. Any student government who deviated from this co-operative method would shortly find itself in financially difficult positions i.e. broke. Secondly, C.U.S. promotes the opposite to what the circular claims - academic democracy and "the use of expertise in the area of learning to get at the guts of education." (Peter Warrian in York's "Excalibur", Sept. 22, 1967).

It continues to advocate "truly co-student lobbying", instead of unionism to obtain low cost life insurance, travel discounts and co-operative housing. Do they expect a university of thirteen hundred students to be granted the above benefits by lobbying? As a union we are a large affluent market and will continue to receive these consumer benefits.

It mentions that in the last three years, eight universities have dropped out of C.U.S. But it has been mentioned that forty institutes have elected to remain in C.U.S. because they are satisfied with the job being done.

A list of publications on the sheet is supposed to substantiate the charge that C.U.S. may be sympathetic to international communism. Are we close-minded enough to want to hear "the other side", so that each individual can make his own conclusions? But, anonymous leaflets are scrap paper.

Robert Forester

A-108

CHIEF of RENTA KOPS

says

Pick up lost
and found
articles!

LAST CALL

Dear Sir:

This letter is from three St. Hildians who are ready, after having read the suggestion of "An Optimistic Voyageur Fan", to take up any challenge issued by your football team. Coming from Toronto, we KNOW of the sad plight of the Laurentian University football team and we feel it is our duty to assist another university in their time of distress.

But before you throw your team into such an unequal contest, we feel we should warn you of our superlative qualifications. St. Hildians are well versed in the methods of intercourse, I mean interplay, both on and off the field, contrary to what the University of Toronto Engineering Society may say. Our offence is aggressive and forward, and our defence is easily swayed. This, we think, is the type of opposition that the men of Laurentian University require. But we do guarantee an enthusiastic and determined struggle to the bitter end. Who will come out on top will remain in question until we meet face to face on the field.

Until such time as the Laurentian University football team tell themselves ready to meet such opposition, we remain,

Three Interested St. Hildians



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(A-68)

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By international agreement the card must be purchased in the country in which the individual is a regularly-enrolled student. Thus, unless a student is registered at a European university for a regular course of study, he MUST purchase the card from CUS. These cards are now available for your use at the SGA office.

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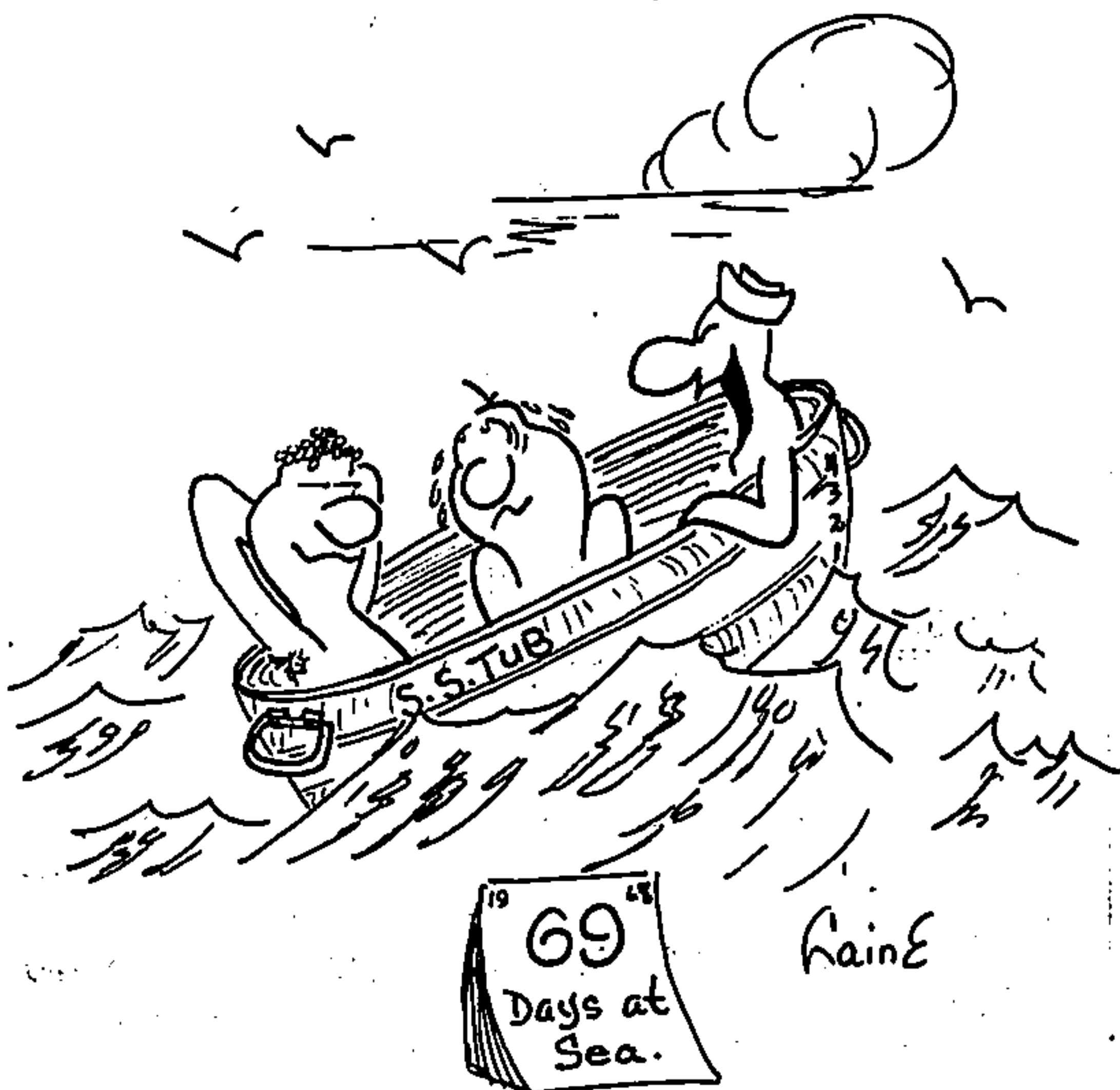
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Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub. Now I ask you, "Isn't that unsanitary?"



WHEN WILL HIS GLORY FADE? That infamous cartoonist from Lambda has added another gold star to his collection of memorable feats. Well known in his fight against the spreading evils of alcohol, THE LAINER has once again struck another blow for the glorious cause of temperance. Quotations concerning the Nag's Head made by THE LAINER have turned up in the December issue of the Canadian Churchman—the national publication of the Anglican Church of Canada. THE LAINER, when told of the quotation, mumbled unprintable phrases in broken Finn.

photo: King Kong.

KENNEDY ON BOOKS

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA by Robert K. Massie. 584 pages. McLelland & Stewart, \$12.

It was 10:30 P.M., July 16, 1918, when the exiled Russian Imperial family at Ekaterinburg, Siberia, was rudely awakened and pushed down the hard stairs of their house of captivity to a basement. There they were lined up against a wall by Bolshevik soldiers and shot. So ended the centuries old dynasty of the Romanovs, the system of royalty in the Russian leviathan state and the lives of Emperor and Empress Nicholas and their family.

Robert K. Massie has charged "Nicholas and Alexandra" with the most exquisite taste of historical intimacy (he even subtitles his book as "An Intimate Account of the Last of the Romanovs") that by the time they are herded to their dastardly and ignominious deaths, the reader can be quite sure even of what the victims were thinking. The author has spared no time or pains to make this book on the Russian Imperial couple and the times in which they lived absolutely real and interestingly believable. Massie is convinced that history is made by human beings and that where their emotions and feelings come so strongly into the play that they affect the course of history itself, then they ought rightly to be incorporated into the very body of historical account.

Alexandra was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and lived in the German state of Darmstadt-Hesse, ruled by her father, Grand Duke Louis IV, when the young Nicholas, then son of Russia's Alexander III and heir to his throne, came courting. They fell romantically in love after a while, and Alexandra even consented to convert from Lutheranism to Greek Orthodox in order to marry. As they were on the point of doing so, the Tsar Alexander III died in 1894, leaving Nicholas to run the vast empire at the age of 26. So Alexandra was speedily married to Nicholas as he immediately took power and was soon crowned as the glorious practical figurehead over utter myriads of worshipping citizens and serfs. From this point the large part of the story's romance ends and troubles begin for the new Tsar. Revolution of sorts is already in ferment; his only son Alexis is born a hemophiliac; Rasputin the cauchemar appears to infiltrate the Imperial household and wreak psychological devastation upon the Tsar's standing in common opinion; the Tsar himself sits unaware in one of his numerous palaces; the Tsar's ideas are constantly preyed upon by the German Kaiser Wilhelm II; the Tsar, worst of all, is grossly inexperienced.

Problems of this type called for some kind of preternatural system of solution, which Nicholas was not always able to afford. His immense reliance, as a matter of fact, upon the supernatural Being to come to his assistance at the right time, is one often cited reason for his failure in many cases. Yet Massie treats Nicholas more kindly than most historians; so kindly, in fact, that he often expects his reader to feel that if man as a person were built up enough, then perhaps his shortcomings as a statesman or autocrat will be overlooked. On the other hand, the author clearly defends the integrity of Nicholas against claims of his blatant stupidity.

However, the book is about Alexandra as well and the relations between her and her family and her husband's world, woven delicately with a sensitive thread. Her devotion to Rasputin, the dirty monk, because of his mystical powers over her hemophiliac son's health, is so important because of the tremendous influence she had over her husband when she advised him with counsel from Rasputin, whom they both termed the 'Holy Man'.

An interesting thing about this biography is the Epilogue. It is filled with answers to interesting and intriguing questions which have arisen from the great confusion surrounding the end of the reign of Nicholas and Alexandra and their deaths in Siberia. The author discusses here Lenin's role in the assassination and the members of the Imperial family at St. Petersburg who escaped the Communists. He leaves no doubt that Grand Duchess Anastasia, the Tsar's daughter, did not survive the massacre at Ekaterinburg. (She was killed along with her parents and sisters Olga, Tatiana and Marie and brother Alexis.) He adds that Nicholas' ballerina-mistress is still alive and living in Paris at the age of ninety-four. Then he sums up by stringing together the coincidences and events that led to the final period of Tsarist domination.

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to the unknown you

other worlds await
and I
carousing,
anticipate-
the sky is blue-
and you and I
(and we, as one)
are present too;

am I reaching your soul?

touch the stars above
motes of
(scintillate!)

love
and we are,
again,
together-
a star:
enveloped in black
flowing
night,
warmly wrapped, drifting
... ever back ...

am I reaching your soul?

words, love, are
unnecessary
(perhaps unheeded)
on our star.
the gentle touch
of a cool hand
or a probing kiss
says as much
(of infinitely more!)-

have I reached your soul?

a world is here;
a universe
of love and peace
and you, always near...

'une époque de joie':

my heart a bird
winging
through the night
unheard...

may I reach your soul?

Krosser

OK GANG: Put your eyes back in the sockets. It really shouldn't be necessary to give you the name of this fair miss, but just in case you're really out to lunch, here's all the dope on this week's wench. Lynda Anderson, 2nd year Sike Major, Huntington Residence. You'll have to stand in line.... photo by: Frustrated.

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will complain about
this issue of Lambda.

There were certain announcements left out . . .
like Winter Carnival and College Dances . . .
tough!

The small group here tonight is bushed.

For a Better Paper
We Need Help!!

de Burger Bits

ed. note: The views expressed in this dribble are those of the political editor of this rag and not necessarily those of the rest of the yo-yoes here.

The U.S. is looking forward to a great year. What with Vietnam, civil disobedience and riots, increasing balance of payments deficits, pressure on the sanctity of the dollar, and the prospect of that periodic three ring circus they call a presidential election the Americans are justifiably confident of the future.

France's de Gaulle keeps on putting his dogs where considerable expanse of mouth is. Bob Hope in a pre-Christmas show came up with an appropriate sketch when as Santa Claus he claimed the surf board he was carrying was a tongue depressor for Charlie.

Laurentian's Ivory tower is going up just fine thank you! As the stories creep skyward so does the isolation of the powers that be from the students on this campus.

It looks like a battle between Rocky and Nixon for the Republican nomination in the race to face LBJ. God only knows why they are so anxious. But then perhaps they could not make a worse mess of things than LBJ has managed to do.

What ever happened to that pub everybody got so hot and bothered about a couple of months ago? Of late there has been absolutely nothing heard about it. Come on J.D. let us know what has taken place.

Lester B. has announced his retirement from the wars in Ottawa. While his administration has been nothing to write home about no one can question his motivation in politics. His successor may better the record of Pearson the politician, but there is no one around to better the record of Pearson the man.

Congratulations are in store for Sudbury's new mayor, Mr. Fabbro. He has demonstrated his capabilities in the past, let's hope he continues to do so. Lots of luck Joe, you'll need it.

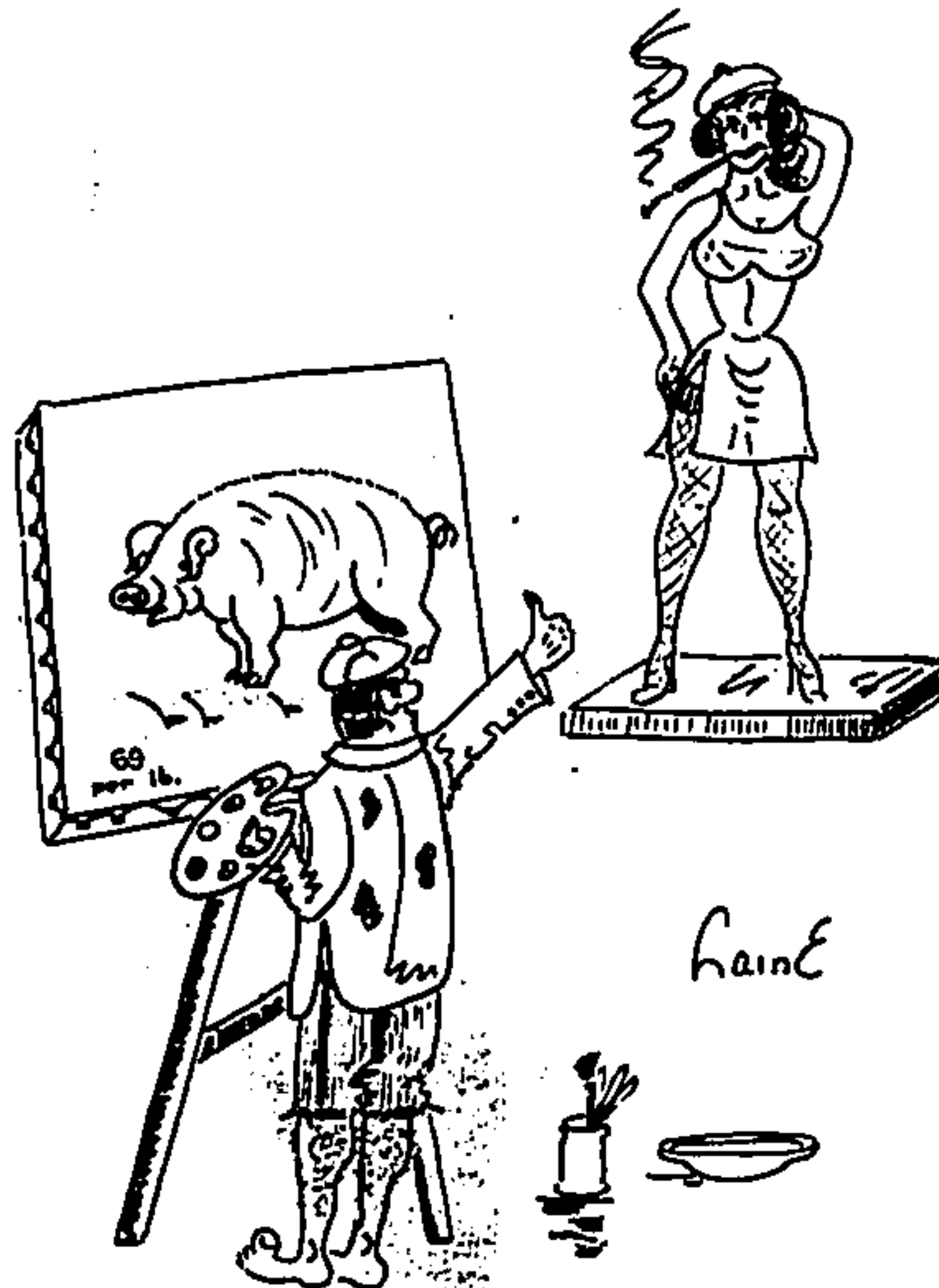
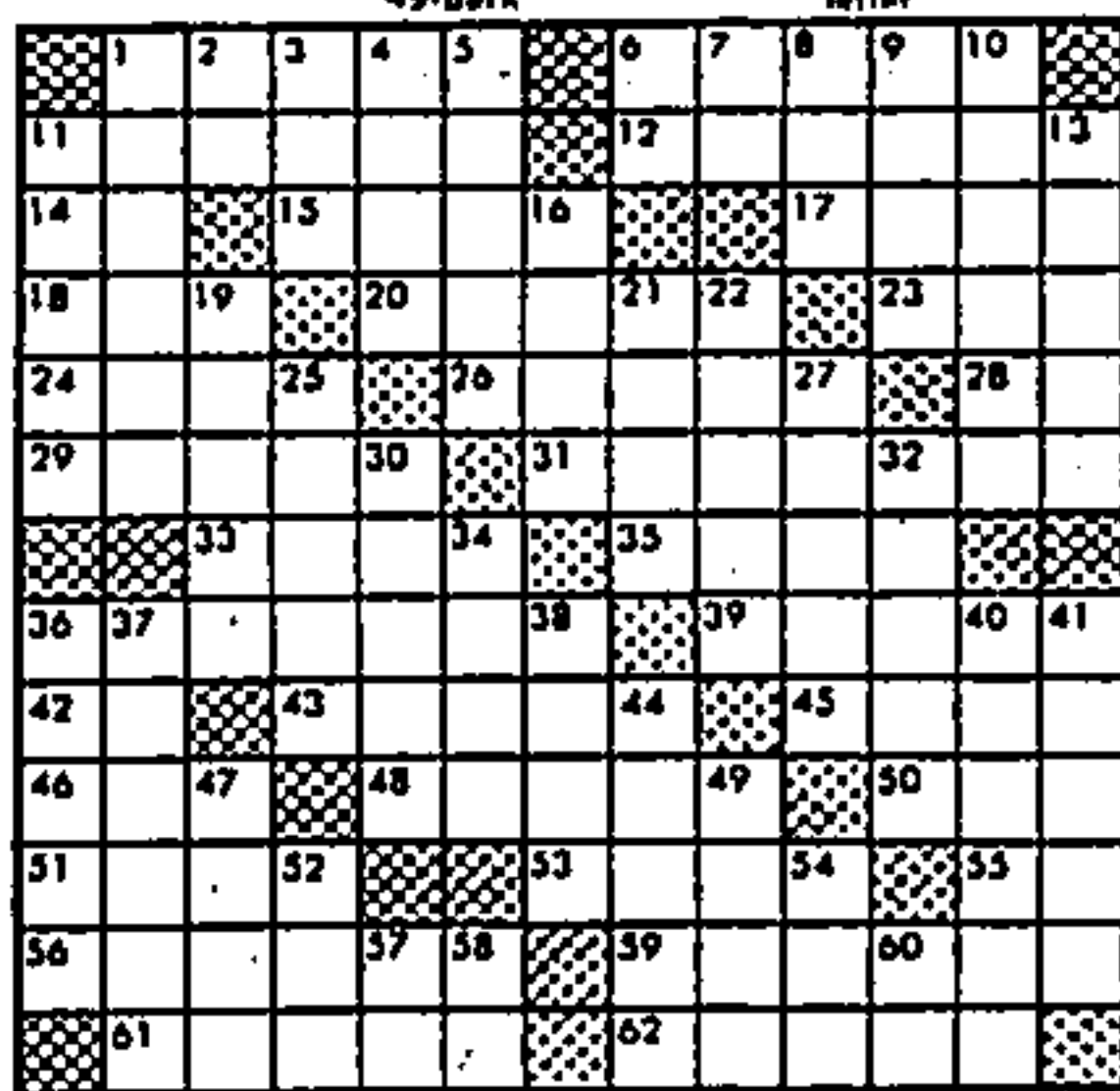
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1-Charm
- 6-Partaining to the ear
- 11-Wipes out
- 12-Steeple
- 14-A state (abbr.)
- 15-Heraldry: grafted
- 17-Fuel
- 18-Southwestern Indian
- 20-Singing voice
- 23-Mohammedan prince
- 24-Depression
- 26-Ceremonies
- 28-Chaldean city
- 29-Chemical compound
- 31-Depression in cheeks
- 33-Lamb's pen name
- 35-Father
- 36-Length measure
- 39-Domesticates
- 42-Conjunction
- 43-Vapor
- 45-Weight of India
- 46-Sever
- 48-Wander
- 50-Short sleep
- 51-Is mistaken
- 53-Concort
- 55-Note of scale
- 56-Treats maliciously
- 59-Ran away to be married
- 61-Freshet
- 62-Haste

- 3-Peer Gynt's mother
- 4-Coin
- 5-Chemical compound
- 6-Conjunction
- 7-Above
- 8-Tear
- 9-Region
- 10-Confederation
- 11-Escape
- 13-Heavenly bodies
- 16-Wife of Geraint
- 19-Go in
- 21-Great
- 22-Forgive
- 25-Narrates
- 27-European herring
- 30-Creates a disturbance
- 32-Citrus fruit
- 34-Dillseed

- 36-Confronts
- 37-Arrogance
- 38-Clothing
- 40-Puffed up
- 41-Severy
- 44-Female horses
- 47-Journey
- 49-Bark
- 52-Music: as written
- 54-Sorrow
- 57-Latin conjunction
- 58-Compass point
- 60-Hebrew letter



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THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

by Jerry Farber

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously, it will lead us past the zone of academic where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hangups. From there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First, look at the role students play in what we like to call education. At Cal State where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I bring a student into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a "nigger-lover". In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. Also there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 per cent effective.

CHOOSE HOMECOMING QUEEN

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections -- their average age is about 26--but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run, for the most part, by Uncle Toms, concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always living and every student knows it. Tell The Man what he wants to hear or he'll fail you.

When a teacher says "jump" students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out -- each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in rage when they fall asleep.

CLASS IS NOT DISMISSED!

During the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying "This class is not dismissed!" and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz

approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Joxus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor, tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your finger, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't care anyway.

SIRENS AND A RATTLE OF BULLETS

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the school. I mean there was no way out. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress". In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12 year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality; obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath. Like black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others -- including most of the "good students" -- have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in general education requirements. They're like those old grey-headed houseniggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

THEY CHEAT A LOT

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want to degree and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and sub-

ject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor. They go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgment, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So student are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties regularly and vigorously by the governor and legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their mumbled catchphrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue".

THEY COPPED OUT

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment: "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

I'm not sure why teachers are so. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

At any rate, teachers are And, as Judy Einstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power.

Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you, your wife may dominate you; the state legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say-or-else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim -- anytime you choose -- you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the "pleasure" of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with a title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

The general timidity which causes teachers to

make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear - fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging person. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for authority. That's what - It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwan's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance - and parade a slender learning.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white man so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which makes castration of Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

PERVERSION IS INTELLECTUAL

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sadomasochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher - a kind of intellectual rough trade - and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us their perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter - sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: every one determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up-to-date. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered". And then of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teacher, who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titers and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

UNDERNEATH THE PETTIPANTS

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's happening - turned-on awareness of what's underneath the petti-pants, the chinos and the flannels. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is pushed enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school

lovingly (someday, maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't by example and instruction teach their students to pretend that they aren't there. As things stand now, students are psychically castrated or spayed - and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has ever really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the mean time what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

HANDS IN SOME CLAY

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the intersection or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms, they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe". And then the teacher graded him A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great right? Get your hands in some clay? Make something?

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The preceding article was written by Jerry Farber, professor of English at California State College in Los Angeles. The article first appeared in the Indian Head. It has since appeared in the Ubysey of the University of British Columbia, the Georgian of Sir George Williams, Montreal, and twice in the Lance of the University of Windsor. This article was one of the factors leading to the forced resignation of the co-editors of the Lance. It now appears in Lambda. It has been censored because the use of certain words was felt to be undesirable for publication. Lambda reprints "The Student as Nigger" because the Editorial Staff feels that it is an accurate statement on contemporary education. The Reader may judge for himself.

Then the teacher announced that a 20 page term paper would be required - with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Simon Legree of the poetry plantation. "Tote that iamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

MAKE THEM WILLING SLAVES

Another result of student slavery is just as dangerous - students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - over 16 years - to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years just to make sure.

What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is the fact you have to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial expression. If you're a black rebel they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do.

Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. But dropping out of college for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

ORGANIZE FOR FREEDOM NOW

How do you raise hell? That's another article. But for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in the Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized. They've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students like black people, have immense unused power. They could theoretically insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration rather than on fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could put the grading system in a museum.

They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could turn the classroom into a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And they could study for the best of all possible reasons - their own resources.

They could. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

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Russians Down Vees

Before a packed arena of 5578 fans, the Laurentian Voyageurs dropped a 9-2 decision to the touring Moscow Selects. The game was closer than the score would indicate as Laurentian missed several excellent scoring chances. The Vees skated well, keeping pace with the Russians who are well known for their fast skating.

The Selects jumped into an early first period lead, scoring four goals in the first ten minutes with their first tally coming just 17 seconds after the opening whistle. The Vees appeared nervous and did not seem to take out the opposing man in front of their net. So nervous were the Vees that their first penalty was for the trite offence of having too many men on the ice. Moscow scored twice while the Voyageurs were short.

Much of this tension was the result of their playing in such a big game and also the fact that they were playing under the International Rules which were not familiar to them. By these rules, body checking is allowed only in the defensive zone and the Vees were hesitant to apply muscle. As a result, Norm Defelice, the goalie picked up from the OHA Senior A league for this game had little protection for the first ten minutes. All four of the goals he allowed were on deflections and close in shots as the Vees left Russian players standing unmolested. It did not take Laurentian long to adjust and by the end of the period they were regularly flattening opposing Russian players and did a brilliant job of forechecking the Russians in their own end. In doing this, they had to be careful so as not to incur penalties. Mike Jakubo who played a superb game all night scored the first Laurentian goal late in the opening period. He intercepted a Russian pass skated around the startled defenceman and drove the shot home to narrow the count to 4-1 before the period ended.

In the second period Coach Porter substituted Laurentian's own Norm Cecutti in goal for Defelice. Cecutti performed brilliantly in the net for the final two periods. Some of the saves he made were nothing short of unbelievable as the Russians would often pour on relentless pressure for extended periods of time that had Cecutti hopping back and forth between the pipes. Cecutti was a definite standout for the Laurentian cause.

The defence also generally played an excellent game giving the two Laurentian goalies solid support. Porter paired Mike Callaghan and Richard Ellis as one defense unit and used Dave Lucluk and Rick McLocklin of the OHA Senior A as another. The defense unit dealt out some hefty checks to the Russians. Brian Cepetelli also saw action on defence and played a tough aggressive game. The defence played sound positional hockey and was rarely caught up the ice. The fast-skating Russians had great difficulty getting around the Voyageur defence.

The Vees used a box defence in their own end to keep the Russians at a distance. The defencemen would stand in front of the net to prevent any Russian player from getting set for a good scoring opportunity. The forwards would take defensive positions further out and force the Russians to come to them instead of chasing them and getting caught out of position.

The second Laurentian goal came early in the third period when Ike Ikonen banged home a close-in shot to complete a three-way passing play from linemates Ron Robinson and Jim Ferguson.

The Vees missed countless opportunities to close the gap as they missed good passes or shot wide. Ray Lamont came heartbreakingly close a half-dozen times and appeared the most frustrated Voyageur on the ice. Captain Ron Robinson missed several fine opportunities as did Peter Costigan, Mike Jakubo and Ike Ikonen. But the forwards did a great job all night forechecking the Soviet players in their own end and skating back quickly to give support to the defence.

Although outshot 40-23 the play was much closer particularly in the final two periods. Many Laurentian opportunities were lost because of a bad pass, an uncontrollable puck or a wide shot.

The Moscow Selects are classified as the Soviet "B" team. The average age is reputed to be around 22 or 23. Only about four of the players are expected to make the Russian National team for the Olympics at Grenoble in Feb. They are very well conditioned as they play hockey 10 months of the year.

The Selects are a very good team and on their exhibition tour of Canada they recorded victories against Canada's Eastern and West. The players themselves were quite reserved and polite. They are proud of their skills and work hard to perfect them.

Their passing plays, although they would not be possible under Canadian rules which allow body-checking all over the ice, is a treat to behold. It is comparable to a chess game as the puck is passed from player to player with each man in his precise position and ready to utilize every square foot of space in the other team's offensive zone.

Because international rules frown on body contact does not mean that the Russians are patsies. The game at the arena was a rough one with the officials letting many infractions go by. The Moscow Selects appeared very much at home in the body contact department and were quite prepared to retaliate with stiff checks of their own.

In International Hockey the Moscow Selects are regarded as one of the best teams in the world and they always give a top notch performance. It was interesting to watch this team put on a masterful exhibition against our Voyageurs and it was good to see our team do so well and perform so splendidly against them.

The game also served to show that Laurentian University deserves more of these international matches in succeeding years. The NOHA has claimed that their league has the right to these international matches and over the past few years has taken several legislative steps within the CAHA to prevent Laurentian from having these matches. Many fans have maintained that NOHA hockey was of better calibre and should provide the teams to represent Northern Ontario centres against touring foreign teams. But in comparing the fine performance of the Voyageurs, who played one of the best amateur teams in the world to the dismal performances of NOHA teams against Italian, Roumanian and Polish national teams over the past two years, an impartial observer would wonder what the NOHA is talking about.

The Voyageurs, with only a week's practice, were able to put on a far more credible performance against a foreign team than the NOHA has ever been able to put up. Will the Sudbury Public be content with the continued slipshod NOHA performances or will they want to see a decent international game. International is good only if the competition is keen and competent. The Voyageurs have proven their worth which is more than can be said for the NOHA teams.

In taking on this game, Athletic Director Maurice Regimbal pointed out that it would be an excellent lie just how far Laurentian sport has come in the past six years.

One impression that was pressed upon me in this game, and seems to prevail in many international competitions is the hatred for the Russians. We seem to hate them simply because we associate the word 'Communism' with them. When Canada plays against Russia in hockey, it seems that the fans feel as though our boys are out there fighting communism. A blow to a Russian player is a blow for freedom against a hated ideology. Several people jeered Laurentian because our team was not up to beating the Russians.

But what we should observe is that Russia has taken great strides in improving the character of hockey throughout the world.

It has come a long way and Laurentian fans can look forward to continued progress in the years to come.

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